

DID YOU EVER HEAR OF ANYONE WHO DIDN'T HAVE A GREAT TIME IN **Pittsburgh** ?

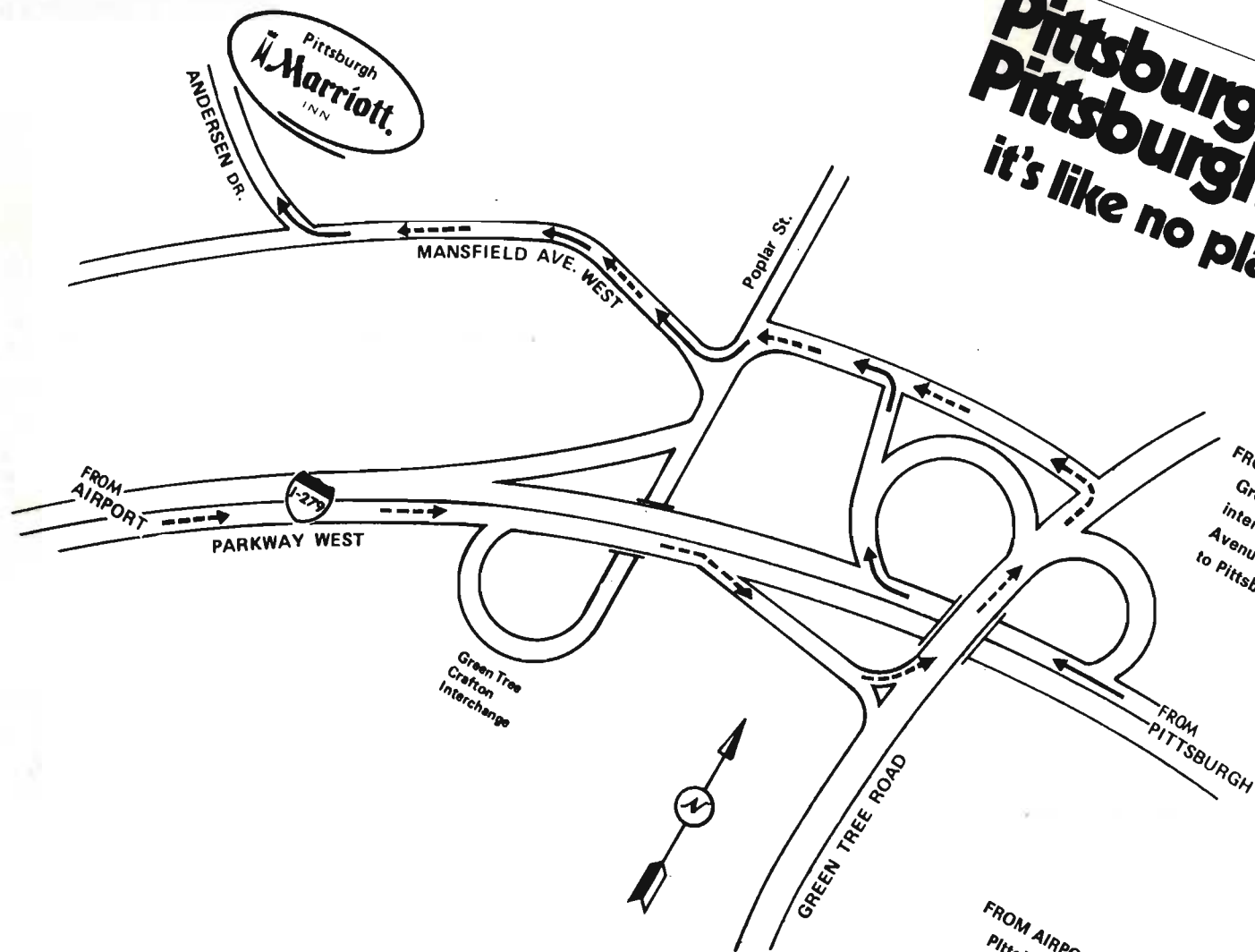
Taro Leaf
24th Inf.Div.Assn.
Kenwood Ross, Editor
120 Maple Street
Springfield, MA



FIRST CLASS MAIL
THIRD CLASS MAIL

Shay, John R.
1129 Shermer Road
Glenview, IL 60025

**Pittsburgh?
Pittsburgh!**
it's like no place else on earth.



FROM PITTSBURGH . . . take Parkway West to Greentree-Crafton interchange. Bear left at Avenue West. Follow Mansfield Avenue West to Pittsburgh Marriott Inn.

FROM AIRPORT . . . take Parkway West towards Pittsburgh. Exit at Greentree-Crafton interchange onto Greentree Road. Make left at Mansfield Avenue West. Follow Mansfield Avenue West to Pittsburgh Marriott Inn.

[illegible]

The publication "of, by and for those who served or now serve" the glorious United States 24th Infantry Division, and published frequently by the 24th INFANTRY DIVISION ASSOCIATION whose officers are:

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Association membership is open to anyone and everyone who wears or ever wore the Taro Leaf or served in any unit ever formally "attached" to the 24th Infantry Division. Dues are \$10.00 per annum inclusive of a subscription to the publication, Taro Leaf.

The Division History covering 1941-1980 will be released just as soon as the Editor, who is writing it, can finish it. The cost — \$20 per copy. Only members will be allowed to purchase copies.

1980 Convention

August 14 - 15 - 16 - 17, 1980
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

Nobody answered!

We rang the bell on ED and Jane SHIRLEY, (24th Sig. '42-'44), but nobody answered. Why? They've moved to 14529 LaPorte, Midlothian, Ill.

WALT KIJEK has the act down fine; he not only joins; he joins as a Life Member. Walt was C 19th '50-'51. He and Dorcas are at 509 Laurel, Manchester, N.H.

Your Turn

A couple of facts about Pittsburgh:
Population:

Metropolitan 1,976,647

City of Pittsburgh 468,651

County of Allegheny 1,517,996

Altitude:

710 to 1,370 Feet

Average Temperature:

January 33°F; July 75°F

Bridges in Allegheny County:

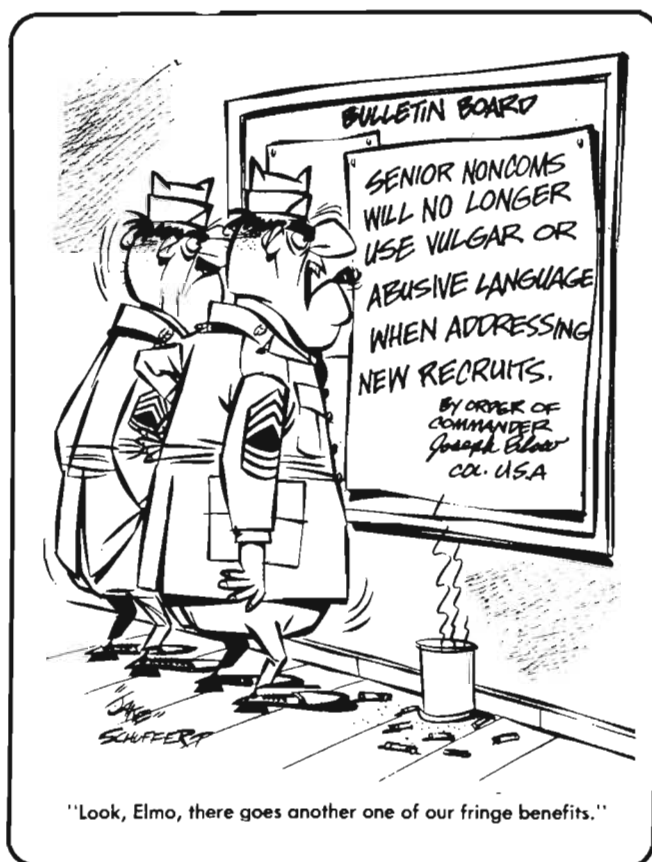
1700

Pittsburgh District River Tonnage
Shipped on the Allegheny, Monongahela
and Ohio Rivers

63,957,724 Tons Annually

Time Zone:

Eastern



"Look, Elmo, there goes another one of our fringe benefits."

We carried an item in a recent issue about PETER FOSTINI, (C 34 '44-'45), of 323 Higdon, Mt. View, Calif., looking for WALT SMIGEL. BENNY MASHAY (D 19th '40-'43), of 32548 Knollwood, Warren, Mich., spotted the item and went to work running Walt down. All he had was that Walt was "somewhere in Mich." - kinda like "Somewhere in New Guinea". But Benny found Walt at 13726 Spruce, South Gate, Mich., and now Walt is - what-d'ya-know? - a member. Thanks, Benny.

Inflation is affecting everything. In fact, by the time you read this, Bo Derek will be an 11, if not a 12.



"Oops!"

We've never backed away from a challenge when it comes to our sense of humor. But we spotted this cartoon in a magazine and its very point alluded us. We showed it to dozens of others and for the most part, it fell flat with them as well. Does anyone have a theory as to just what the point of it all is?

NOTICE TO ALL LIFE MEMBERS who have yet to receive their membership plates. Hold it, gang, won't you please? There has been a serious breakdown in communications once again - for the third - and hopefully - the last time. We're getting the business of procuring and etching and distributing of the plates over into our hands and are putting a stop to this foolishness forthwith. Kindly bear with us just a little longer while we get into high gear. Thank you.

"Shorty" ESTABROOK, (B 19 6/48-7/50) of 43 Pinecrest, Portland, Me., writes: "I recently obtained a 19th Regt. Crest and noted 3 stars on it. I always thought there should be 4 stars symbolic of the four great wars in which the 19th had taken part. Any comment?" We could comment, Shorty, and we will - but first let's hear from a Chick who might come forward with his own version.

It's a darn shame that, after 200 years, all the people who really know how to run the country are too busy cutting hair, or driving cabs, or tending bar.

For the benefit of HOWARD BRUNO, (Hq. 1st Bn 34th 6/45-4/46), of 2842 N. Desert, Tucson, Ariz., who asked us to print it, our fiscal year starts on August first of each year. Dues for the current year run from 8/1/79 to 7/31/80. Have you paid yours? Howard says: "If you are too big for your britches, you'll be exposed in the end". Sad but true, Howie.

CUT OUT YOUR DREAMING.

Three Rivers Stadium (far left) is the home of the Pittsburgh Pirates and the Steelers. The facility seats 50,000 people and was paid for through the issuance of revenue bonds by the City of Pittsburgh.



Infantrymen from Bravo Company, 2nd Battalion 21st Infantry, brave sub-freezing temperatures as they maneuver through a snow-laced Land Navigation course at Fort Drum, N.Y., prior to the start of Empire Glacier '80 activities. The course crosses some rugged terrain, several creeks and open snowfields. It was approximately 2500 meters, which seems considerably further in heavy clothes and through a foot of snow. (U.S. Army photo by Larry Spruill).



Pittsburgh

PITTSBURGH — Black and gold are the colors of this city. We know that from its championship football and baseball teams. Otherwise, Pittsburgh has an image problem.

I asked the writer at the adjoining desk, "What do you think of when you think of Pittsburgh?" After considerable hmmm-ing, she answered, "Smokestacks." That pretty much sums it up: Pittsburgh and steel go together as unequivocally as Detroit and autos.

To be sure, Pittsburgh was once a pretty grungy place, and the dirt and grime of the mills hung over the valley in which it rests. But no more. About 20 years ago, Pittsburgh scrubbed itself clean, and it hasn't stopped polishing yet.

Those who have visited and lived there know that Pittsburgh is a rare gem of a city well worth a weekend or week's stay at any time of year. It is rich in tradition and rich in bucks with a flourishing academic and cultural atmosphere.

AS DETROIT had its Fords and Chryslers, Pittsburgh had its Carnegies and Mellons, who put their steel profits into banking. Today Pittsburgh's control of invested capital assets places it second only to New York in financial power. It has more corporate headquarters — 23 — than any other city except New York and Chicago. It ranks fifth

in technical research and development.

OK, so much for credentials. But you can be sure that the people involved with all that money want quality in their city life, and they have indeed created and nourished it.

But is Pittsburgh any fun? Yes, of course, and what's nice is that the city is compact and easy to move around in — especially if you like to shop. Pittsburgh is one of the few cities that has three major department stores in its downtown. The largest, Kaufmann's, covers two full city blocks with its eight stories. While it's not Saks, it is one of the best of its genre — the all-purpose, all-price store. Dedicated browsers could spend a day or two there.

Pittsburgh is located on a delta of land in the valley where the Monongahela and Allegheny rivers join to form the Ohio River — hence its moniker, the Golden Triangle. Of course, it sprawls. Three Rivers Stadium, home of the Pirates and Steelers, is just across the Allegheny, and Mt. Washington overlooks the city from across the "Mon."

The city's newest attraction and shopping mecca is Station Square, a redevelopment project at the base of Mt. Washington. Here, an ornate and once bustling train station was converted to the Grand Concourse restaurant by Detroit's Chuck Muer in 1978. An adjoining warehouse houses the Freight House Shops which opened this past October.

TO GET TO Station Square from downtown, jump on the Smithfield Street bus or trolley (yes, they still have streetcars) and ride across the bridge. Walking is possible and there is ample parking for 50 cents a car.

Try to get to the Grand Concourse in midafternoon, between the lunch and dinner crowds. Don't bother eating — you can get practically the same menu at Charley's Raw Bar at the Hotel Pontchartrain in downtown Detroit, complete with Charley's Chowder. Rather, pause here to gape and gasp.

The Pittsburgh and Lake Erie Railroad station was begun in 1898 and completed in 1901. In its heyday, passengers from 76 daily scheduled trains rushed

across its mosaic tile floors.

It was here that all trains left for separation points during two world wars. For natives, it is rich in memories, and one can overhear: "I can remember when I used to work in the city."

We would rush across the bridge and run through that door and down those steps and out onto the platform. Everybody was here — from the rich to millworkers. Everybody rode the train."

The main waiting room — lavish with marble, polished bronze and carved woodwork — is now the main dining room. The vaulted ceiling of stained glass, darkened during the blackouts of World War II, has been scraped clean and back-lighted. Many of the original benches are in use as banquettes. Globe lights provide a soft glow. Be sure to walk to the upper level to enjoy the overall effect.

The outside platform has been enclosed and converted to the River Room, where diners can see the water and the bridge and cheer for the occasional freight train that passes. What was once the ladies'

In Pittsburgh...

Continued from Page 1G

waiting room is a private dining area. The terminal's baggage room has become the Gandy Dancer Saloon and Oyster Bar, a good place to stop for a drink and maybe lunch until 3 p.m., when the place inexplicably closes until the 5 p.m. dinner hour.

Muer sank \$2 million into the station renovation with splendid results. Customers have responded accordingly, so reservations are a must. The Grand Concourse is open for lunches on weekdays and for dinner from 5 to 11 p.m., weekdays, and 5 p.m. to midnight, Fridays and Saturdays.

The Freight House Shops next door are certainly worth your time, even if you dislike shopping. There is hardly a typical shop in the bunch. Be sure to look into The Bear Necessities, where Winnie the Pooh, Paddington and Misha, the now rather unfortunate Olympic mascot, hold court. Sample the homemade fudge at Bolan's, which has been putting pounds on Pittsburghers for 70 years. Browse through The Tail End, a shop specializing in antiques with an animal theme, or the Morehouse Galleries, which offers original art. The Workbench offers put-it-together-yourself natural wood furniture, and St. Brendan's Crossings carries Irish imports.

CRABTREE and Evelyn of London will supply you with aromatic soaps, pomanders, tomato chutney and fruits preserved in Courvoisier. The Coffee Express Inc., located in a railroad car, will brew you a cup of coffee or tea and sell you the makings for more. The French Bread Factory will do the same. C'est Moi specializes in unique cosmetics while Always Christmas is just that.

Even the pushcarts are unique. Shady Skates will deck you out for the roller rink. The Greengrocer sells munchies that are good for you. And the Toy Cart carries wooden playthings. There is much more.

The decor is especially attractive

— mostly red brick with live flowers and greenery hanging from pots on the second level. Some of the stories are located in converted railroad cars. And terminal-type wooden benches abound.

If looking and spending make you hungry, grab a bite at the Original Station Street Hotdogs, Tequila Junction or at The Cheese Cellar or Houlihan's.

IF THE WEATHER is decent, grab a breath of fresh air and take in a broader view of the city by heading across the parking lot to the Mt. Washington Incline. Here, funiculars creep up and down the cliffside every five minutes or so at 25 cents a throw. (Farther down the river, the Duquesne Incline operates when passengers show up.) At the top of Mt. Washington are Christopher's and Le Mont, two of the city's best — and most expensive — restaurants.

Station Square continues to grow. A second warehouse is being renovated for more shops, and a cooking school is operating in a refurbished dining car. The Gateway Clipper boats, which provide river cruises from spring through fall, are eventually expected to dock here. While this burgeoning complex is the city's newest in what to do, it is certainly not all.

NOT SO EASILY reached on foot are the skyscraper Cathedral of Learning of the University of Pittsburgh, an outstanding zoo, aviary and planetarium (all separate), the Scaife Gallery and the renowned Carnegie Institute.

The Pittsburgh Symphony Orchestra with Andre Previn at the helm performs regularly in Heinz Hall and you can see the world's largest pipe organ (8,600 pipes) at Carnegie Music Hall. The Stephen Foster Memorial is in Oakland, and there are always plenty of sports events.

So the next time Pittsburgh comes to mind, recall it's a winner — just like its athletic teams.

Col. JIM OGLETREE, (Div. QM '47-'50), writes us this one on "The Day the QM Almost Shot the IG". "It was a dismal, windy, cold, drizzling day in March 1957 at the ex-Japanese Kashii Air Ammunition Depot, now occupied by the 24th DQM, located near Fukuoka, Japan. Part of the operations building had three office rooms in a row — the QM on one end; Class III office in the middle; message center and mail room on the other end, and all connected with inside doors. The 24th Division IG-LTC SCHULZ — with two members of the IG team, and the Division QM LTC CLYDE PENNINGTON were in the QM office going over the annual IG inspection report. I was in the middle office checking coal shipment charts when a loud 'crack' showered my chart with wood splinters and a bullet buzzed past my ear and slapped through the door to the QM's office. I saw a bullet hole in the wall in front of me. It came from the mail room. There was shouting and a scuffling noise from the QM's office. Fearing the worst, I dashed to the door and looked inside: Col. PENNINGTON sat behind his desk with a dazed look, and the IG team was on the floor behind the divan on which they had been sitting, one of them shouting: 'They're after us, — they are out to get us, — call the guard, call the guard —' (No one was hit). Still fearful, I dashed into the mail room to find Cpl. PETERSEN, face white as a sheet, slightly trembling, mouth open, staring at the floor. He was the mail clerk and custodian of a .45 cal. automatic pistol that he still held in his right hand. He was simply unloading, as he did every day, but this time the slide slipped from between his fingers before the round had ejected, and slammed the round back in, and with his finger on the trigger — it fired! The poor guy was scared to death. I hastened to tell him that no one was hurt, and he seemed to melt.

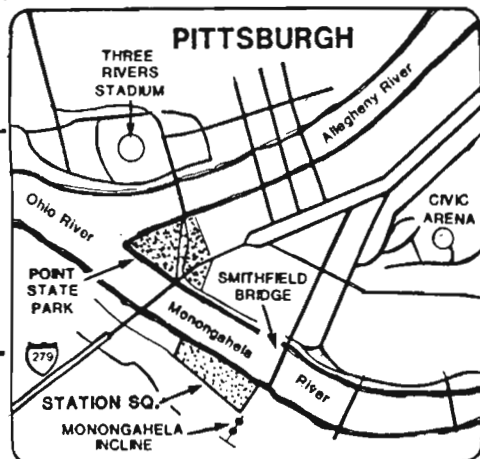
"The IG's report was a real wall-banger! Among other things, it required that the mail clerk receive one-hour instruction daily, for 7 days in loading the pistol, firing it, cease-firing it, and unloading, and cleaning! After 7 days, the Captain of the Division Pistol Team came to Kashii, and gave Cpl. PETERSEN his final exam required by the IG!

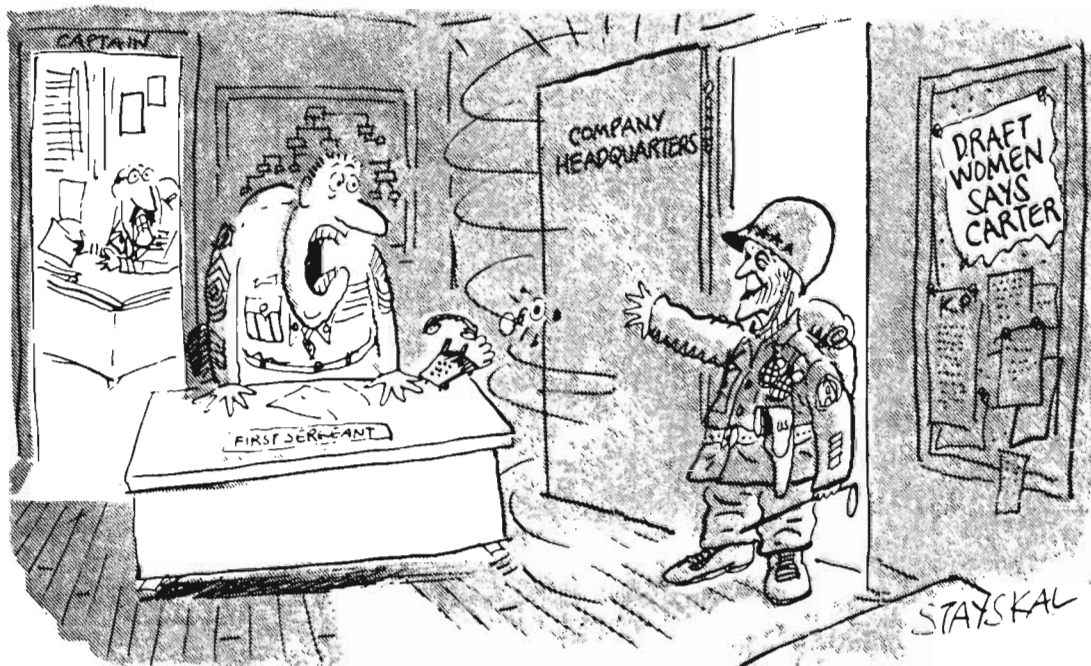
"When the bullet passed through my door into the QM's office, it passed directly over the IG's head and lodged in the wall.

"This is not intended to be funny. It could have been fatal to someone. But of all people — the IG!"

Good story, Jim; thanks.

A lot of touring comes tightly packaged in downtown Pittsburgh.





"M-M-MIZ L-L-LILLIAN ???"

New address for GABRIEL AYALA,
(K 34th '42-'45). Try 1001 E. Newmark,
Monterey Park, Cal.

Alan Alda, M.A.S.H.'s offbeat
Hawkeye Pierce went over to Fordham U.
recently - he's an alumnus, class of '56.
He spoke to a group of freshmen with
words which prove that he isn't completely
off beat. He told them a few things we
thought you'd like to hear - or read -
too. Among his words were these:

"Someday, at some point in your lives,
maybe years from now, a lot of you are
going to look up from your work and
wonder what's the point of it all.
You'll wonder how much you're really
getting accomplished and how much it all
means.

"It seems to me that your life will
have meaning when you can give meaning
to it. Because no one else will give
meaning to your life. There isn't a job
or a title or a degree that has meaning
in itself. And there isn't a liquor
that will give meaning to your life - or
a drug - or any type of sexual congress
either.

"I'd like to suggest to you, just in
case you haven't done it yet, that this
would be a good time to find out what
your values are - and then figure out
how you're going to be able to live by
them. Knowing what you care about and
then devoting yourself to it is just
about the only way you're going to be
able to have a sense of purpose in your
life.

"Times seem to have changed quite a
bit since the sixties. In those days
everyone was out on the streets. But
you've come in out of the street. They
say you're thinking more about your own
careers now than about marching.

"Obstacles are those frightful
things you see when you take your eyes
off the goal." (Hannah More)

By question raised by PAUL and
Hattie FRITSCHKE, (24 Sig. 1/43-10/45),
of 4915 Dover, Beaumont, Tex. They're
coming to Pittsburgh - but....they
are Houston Oiler and Dallas Cowboy
fans. They want a guarantee that
Terry Bradshaw will not be in town
over our weekend. We're working on
it, kids. By the way, 4 24th Sig.
couples met in Las Vegas last March -
the PAUL FRITSCHKE's, the BUD POE's,
the CHARLES ABELEE's, and the
ALDEN HAMMOND's. Grand reunion,
they report.

"Well, if that's true, the funny thing
is that it's possible that you can do more
to change things than anyone could in
the sixties.

"If you can put a high value on
decency...

"If you can put a high value on
excellence...

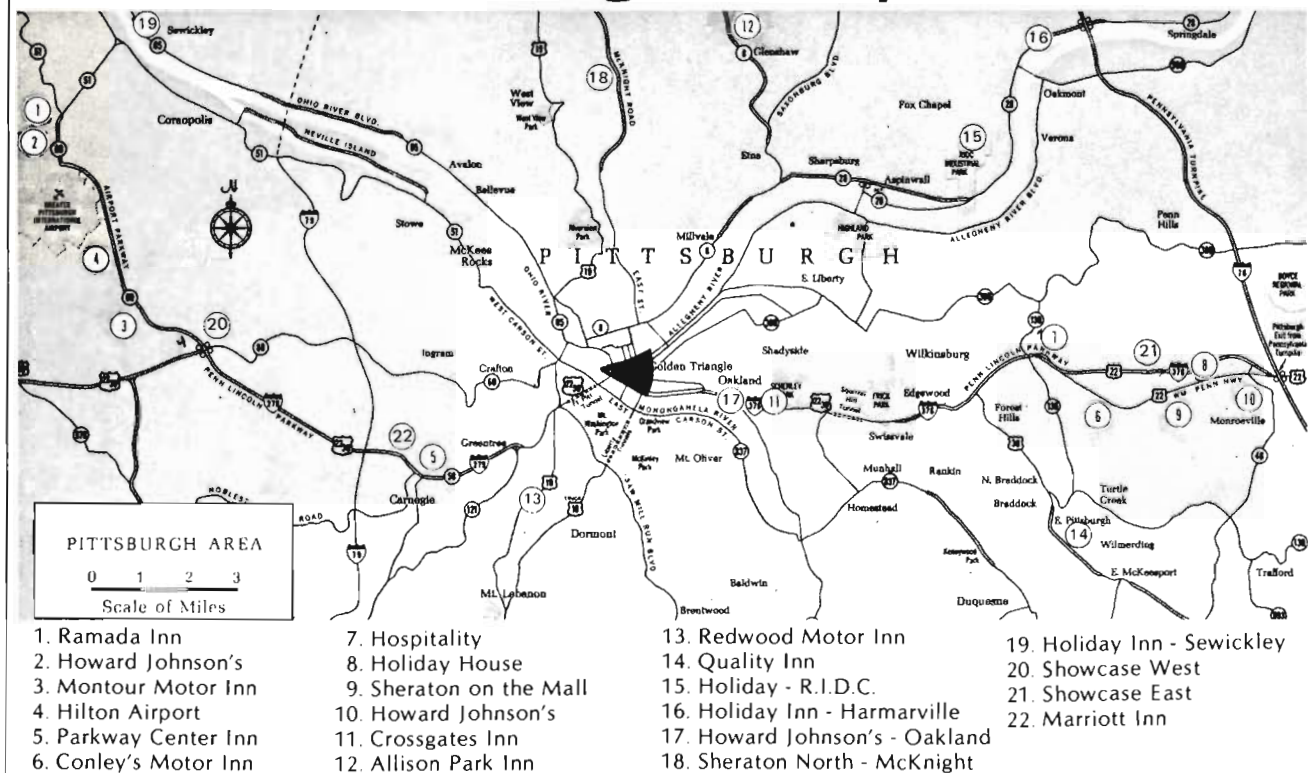
" - And on family ... if you can love
the people you share your lives with -
your wives and your husbands and your
children - and if you don't shortchange
them for a few bucks....if you can love
the work you do - and learn the skill of
it, the art of it - and 'love your art,
as poor as it may be...

"If you can give full measure to the
people who pay you for your work...

"If you can try not to lie, try not
to cheat, try to do good just by doing
well whatever you do...

"Then you will have made a revolution."

Greater Pittsburgh Metropolitan Area



In which we ask you to join with us in welcoming STANLEY and Marjorie ADOMNIK, (A 13th F '37-'40; C 52nd F '40-'44), of 224 E.Cay, Port Richey, Fla., into our exclusive society. Stan is retired and he and Marge are living it up in Florida.

TOM ARETZ, (E & Hq.Co. 19th), of 16135 N.Main, Jacksonville, Fla., was going to make a PHSA meeting with old buddy ALTON HALSO (Sv. 19th) and hoped he'd see JACK FINAN and CHARLEY McBRYDE there. Did all you fellows meet as planned? And did you share a few belts of the grape? Tom adds this one liner: "Retirement is when you stop lying about your age and start lying about the house".

The Chutzpah Award for April goes to Lake Placid for even thinking of applying for the 1992 Winter Olympics. That would only give them 12 years to figure out how to operate a bus system. Not time enough, we say. Try for 2016, Lake Placid.

LTC WALTER W. FRANCK, 24th QM, retired on length of service, now living at 3409 Portsmouth St., Hopewell, VA 23860. Wally got to the 24th Division via the ETO. He was with Division QM at Kashii, Japan, and Kokura Div QM Supply Point.

May the Convention Chairman offer a toast for the coming reunion in Pittsburgh which he heard a long time ago and whose authorship is unknown to him, but it seems just too appropriate to this occasion to ignore:

Here's to the friends of our youth -
Though some we're bereft,
May the links that are lost but
Endear what are left.

JACK FINAN suggests putting the Post Office Dept. in charge of the inflation problem. They won't solve it, Jack says, but "they sure as H--- will slow it down".

Signals BOB LONGFELLOW, of 12731 Poplar, Garden Grove, Cal.: "Have been buying the World War II series of books published by Time-Life, and recently received volume entitled 'Return to the Philippines'. It seems to me that the Time-Life book might be of real interest to guys of the 24th who were in the Philippines. Several mentions of the Division and pictures which might be familiar. Enjoy each issue of the Taro Leaf; especially like the idea of including news of the current active Division. Thanks!" And thank you, Bob, for the tip - and for the kind words.

Spotted an item by Col. W.E.WYRICK, of 9653 Windsor Lake Blvd., Columbia, S.C. He's trying to contact Task Force Smith personnel. There you have it gang. The rest is up to you.

Strictly another soap opera, that's all it is. Soap operas - you know those daytime melodramas with the overwrought storylines which go on forever and ever. Well, as to "forever", we're not so sure. We'll wager that "From Here To Eternity" is yanked from your TV screen by the time you read this. They made it NBC's current nighttime passion play - and it's pretty sleazy. Can't last. The title and the Wahoo setting are the only links that this series has to James Jones' novel.

Remember that movie? Burt Lancaster, the brawny high minded "first" and Deborah Kerr, the unloved major's wife. Remember their immortal cinematic moment when they abandoned discretion and clung to each other while rolling around in the clover, 'scuse us, the surf?

This latest hogwash ignores the soul of the book and hands us its flesh. Neither Barbara Hershey, the 1980 wife, nor William Devane, the 1980 first, bring a smidgen of Lancaster's or Kerr's class to the roles. It isn't even worth comparing them. So we won't.

The sordid stories within the story go on and on.

For example, the Navy man finally gets the broad to sleep with him just as she falls for the Navy deserter who's trying to track down his dead brother by sleeping with the local prostitute who was his brother's fiance. How do you like the story so far? Hey you, over there in the back row, wake up.

Oh, to H--- with it.

BOB and Gladys TOLER, (24th QM '48-'50), of 9007 Pennrose, Little Rock, Ark., would love to hear from any of their old Taro Leaf friends. Neither is in the best of health; letters would be welcomed.

The Senate Judiciary Committee has recommended that Congress aware \$1 million to ex-soldier, J.R. Thornwell of Spartanburg, S.C. because he was given LSD without his knowledge as part of an Army drug experiment. Unbelievable, isn't it? And all the while this hassle has been given publicity, we've yet to read mention of the name of any specific party in the Army who might have been involved. And the wonderful press which brings you all the news doesn't seem even to ask.

This was a viewpoint we spotted in "The Orion Gallivanter", the 27th Division's paper. It was so good we had to steal it for you. It was titled "I'm Fine" and went like this:

There's nothing whatever the matter with me,
I'm just as healthy as I can be.
I have arthritis in both my knees
And when I talk, I talk with a wheeze.
My pulse is weak and my blood is thin
But I'm awfully well for the shape I'm in.
My teeth will eventually have to come out
And my diet I hate to think about.
I'm overweight and I can't get thin,
But I'm awfully well for the shape I'm in.
Arch supporters I have for my feet
Or I wouldn't be able to walk on the street.
Sleep is denied me night after night,
And every morning I am quite a sight.
My memory fails and my head's in a spin,
I'm practically living on aspirin.
But I'm awfully well for the shape I'm in.
The moral is, as this tale I unfold,
That for you and me who are growing old—
It's better to say "I'm fine" with a grin
Than to let anyone know the shape we're in.
How do I know that my youth's been spent?
Cause my "get-up-and-go" has "got up and went."
But I really don't mind, when I think with a grin
Of all the places my "get-up" has been.



"Nonsense! Everyone doesn't hate you! Perhaps all the enlisted personnel at Forts Dix, Benning, Sill, Ord, Lewis and Polk, but not everyone."

Paid Your Dues?

VA has just released some figures. The average age of nearly half of U.S. veterans is 57.2 years. More than 3.3 million veterans are already 65 years of age. The trend is only beginning. The number of veterans who are over 65 will triple in the next 15 years. And now for the bad news. "This will create demands for medical services for old age patients beyond anything the VA can today support". Currently VA operates 172 hospitals, 22 out-patient clinics, 91 nursing homes and 16 residences for chronic problems. Tennis anyone?

CLARENCE "Bud" COLLETTE (5th RCT '51-'52), of 6 Cattail Lane, Irvine, Cal., is sponsoring a west coast gathering of the clan for sometime this coming October - in the Los Angeles area. Details will be forthcoming in a future issue. It'll be a one-day gathering on Oct. 11, 1980 at the Registry Hotel right across the street from the Orange County Airport, a mere hop, skip and a flutter over from L.A. International.

BEN "Mike" LEA, (Hq. Btry. 13th F '41-'45), of P.O.Box 307, Cottage Grove, Ore., asks about the price for our forthcoming History. \$20 per copy, Mike. He also asks about a Life Membership. It's \$100 or \$20 paid during each of 5 years, Mike. Mike asks if anyone recalls that Mindanao night when 5 Nips attempted an infiltration of the 13th's Bn. Aid Station radio tent, Bn CP, and the Piper Cub. They were really after the plane. 4 of them met their match at the perimeter; one made it to the plane where he blew it and himself into 40-11 pieces. Mike would love to hear from anyone who remembers that exciting night.

The History? Yes, it's coming - but gosh it's slow. We're covering one or two other bases as well in this lil' ole outfit - and there are only 24 hours in a day. Besides we're trying to earn a living - on the side - and you all know what a tough time our Washington pals are giving us on that score. Your patience and understanding are solicited.



WHERE EVERYONE WANTS TO MEET

PITTSBURGH/Marriott

When Marriott does it,
We do it right

24th INFANTRY - DIVISION of the U.S. ARMY
August 14 - 17, 1980

RESERVATIONS MUST BE RECEIVED 2 WEEKS PRIOR TO ARRIVAL DATE

This is living this is
Marriott.
412-922-8400

Name		CHECK ONE <input type="checkbox"/> Please hold this reservation for late arrival. My company guarantees payment of the first night's charge on this reservation. My company billing address is shown at the left. <input type="checkbox"/> Enclosed is a deposit covering the first night's charge. <input type="checkbox"/> I will arrive by 6:00 p.m., and it is understood that the hotel has the right to release the room after that time.						
Company								
Address								
City & State & Zip								
Type of Room	SINGLE 1 Person 1 Double Bed	DOUBLE 2 Persons Queen or King	TWIN 2 Persons 2 Double Beds	TRIPLE 3 Persons	QUAD 4 Persons	PARLOR 1 Double Bed	SUITE 1 Bedroom	No. of Persons
Rate Requested	\$30.00	\$35.00	\$35.00					
Arrival Date	Departure Date		Sharing With		Signature			
CHECK IN TIME IS AFTER 3 P.M.		CHECK OUT TIME IS 1 P.M.						

AFTER **7/31/80** RESERVATIONS ON SPACE AVAILABLE BASIS ONLY.

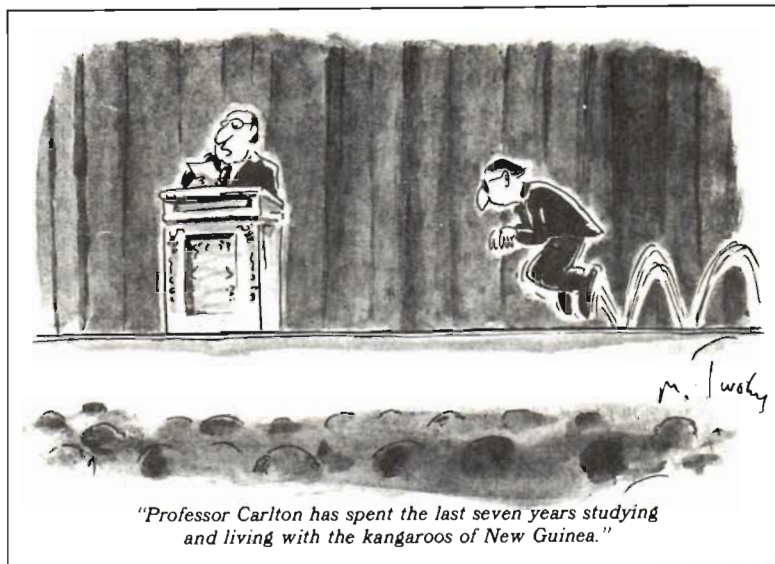
Note: If Room is not available at rate requested, reservations will be made at nearest available rate.



Meet BILL O'KEEFE (D & Regt Hq 21st '44-'50), of 15208 Fern, Tacoma, Wash. He's a foreman at North Pacific Plywood. Bill signals that the 12th Armored Division Assoc. has "over 3500 members". We're at about 1306 at the moment.

Cheers - the hockey season is fast coming to an end. For a few months now, we'll have no more of bashing each other's heads in, picking each other's molars off the ice. Peace shall reign again.

Pittsburgh is alert, magnificent inspiring, original, enchanting, intriguing, memorable, thrilling, romantic, explorable, changing, mysterious, magic, exotic, and on top of all that, marvelous. So says, MIKE MOCHAK. He adds: "Come on over in August and see for yourself."



Catch RAY PATTON (E 19th 4/52-4/53; A 21st 8/51-4/52), now at his new address: 6800 118th Place N., Largo, Fla. At last report, Ray was managing the Best Western Motel at St. Pete. Are you still, Ray?

Great lines: Sir Winston Churchill's description of Clement Atlee, his successor as prime minister: "....a sheep in sheep's clothing.....".

John Kenneth Galbraith, the Harvard economist, thinks the way to solve the fuel problem is not through rationing but by boosting the gas tax to \$4 per. You know who he's close to and, if who moves in to 1600 Penn. Ave., you know who who will be getting some of his advice from. Whoo hoo!!!

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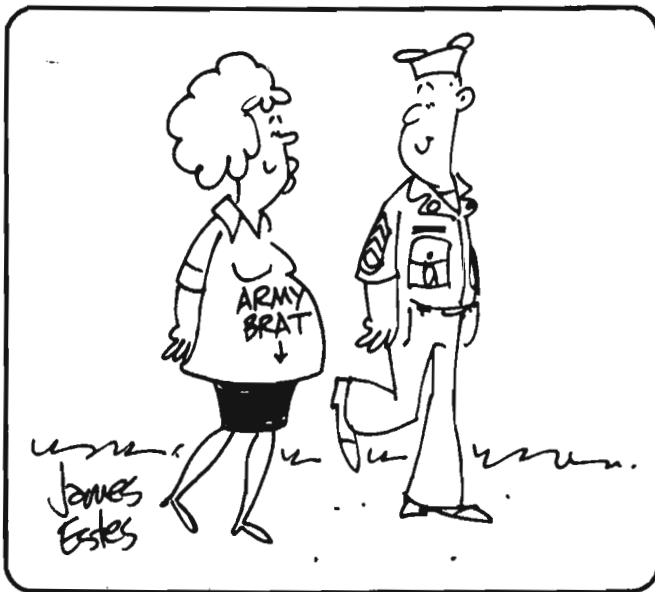
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We thought that OSCAR JUNKANS would have had enough hiking. Not so says this old 2nd Bn 34th fellow (8/44-12/45). This is he and daughter Cassandra. They hiked 500 miles of the Appalachian Trail - from Springer Mt., Ga. to Parisburg, Va. Adds Oscar, "I plan to do some more hiking in the spring - probably alone." What happened, Cassie? Had enough?



Forget the male models of the sort you see in Vogue, those nasty fellows with the slicked-back hair and beg-for-it-baby demeanors. Forget the guys with the skinny behinds and sun-bleached hair you see on TV sucking Cokes. We're models of a completely different sort, nonetheless hotshots in our field. Each with a face close to the oval of an egg. Each with a chin on the verge of being a double, or a triple. Each with hair ascant and cheerful fringe, yahooping happily from above either ear. As for weight, well we run the gamut. We're for the most part size-44 regulars. We're the 24th gang - and we're meeting in Pittsburgh in August.

Word is in from JESSE A. MURGA, (C 21st '50-'51), of 3510 Custis, Augusta, Ga. He writes:

"I was a squad leader with C 21st during July 1950 and from Aug. to May 1951 was a platoon leader in A-21st. I remember an attack in Feb. or Mar. of 1951, on hill 1157. We started up the hill at daybreak after artillery softening and no resistance was encountered until late in the afternoon after an arduous climb. I was with the point squad and the company was all stretched out on the only path up the hill. As we were approaching the crest we spotted some 'yellow snow' left by the Chinese enemy.

"That bit of carelessness on their part put us more alert since it told us they would be near and that is exactly as it turned out. We moved up quietly and surprised a small force - we approached within 10 yards when we spotted each other. But we were ready and they were not; with our M-1's and hand grenades it was over in a minute. So the word is 'Watch out for the yellow snow.'"

As we ready this one for the printer, 30,000 demonstrators are marching from the White House to the Capitol in the cold and wind to protest draft registrations. And who's there leading the show. You got it - Rev. William Sloan Carter. To the chants of such as "Hell no, we won't go, we won't fight for Texaco" and to signs such as "Draft beer, not me", 30,000 of them put it on the line. Better slow down on the sabre rattling, Jimmy - least until we can get our act together.

"An angry man is again angry with himself when he returns to reason."
(Symus)

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Did Anyone Tell the Queen?

Her gentle parfit knight was a Soviet spy

Say what you like about the British, even in decline their scandals remain delicious and are served with impeccable flair. Where else would someone with the breeding and status of Sir Anthony Blunt—renowned art historian and caretaker of the royal art—suddenly stand revealed as a spy? Yet, as Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher told a stunned House of Commons recently, Blunt had fed secrets to the Russians during WWII as a counterintelligence officer in MI5 and was the mysterious “fourth man” in the 1951 Burgess-Maclean spy case. How Blunt’s treason could have remained unexposed all this time is unclear, since it turns out he confessed everything to the authorities in 1964 and had been under suspicion long before that. Perhaps, as some suspected, old school loyalties protected Blunt, a Cambridge man, enabling him to win fame and success, including a knighting by Queen Elizabeth—who seemed among the last to know about her subject’s perfidy.



Interviewed after the disclosures, Blunt said his conscience had prompted him to betray his country because the Russians were doing more to combat fascism. An official announcement (right) stripped Sir Anthony of his knighthood—his only penalty so far.



As Surveyor of the Queen's Pictures, a post he held for 20 years until 1972, Blunt advised Queen Elizabeth, shown with him, on the hanging and preservation of her extensive collection. He is also a world authority on Nicolas Poussin, the French classical painter.

LEO MCDONNELL, (24th QM '53-'55), of 1715 Prospect, Scranton, Pa., sends us a fine item involving Gen. VOLNEY F. WARNER. Says Leo: "Anyone who has done as much as Col. Walter Collins deserves his pot at the end of the rainbow. See you in Ptsbgh, God willing". We reproduce the Collins article and the picture showing the honoree with Janice Warner, Volney's good wife.

Hero of World War I Finally Gets Citation

POMPANO BEACH, Fla. (AP) — As a teen-age doughboy in 1918, Walter Collins dodged bombs and gas, risked his life for others and carried mortally wounded poet Joyce Kilmer off the battlefield. But he never got the heroism medal his commander recommended.

Now, after 62 years, the old soldier has won his toughest fight — he has convinced the U.S. Army to give him his Distinguished Service Cross. The Army's second-highest decoration for bravery was to be presented to him tonight at the American Legion hall here.

"I never forgot my cross," says the 81-year-old Collins. But he says it wasn't an easy victory.

An 18-year-old reservist during World War I, Collins was activated and sent to France as a sniper with the "Rainbow Division" of the New York National Guard.

On July 15, 1918, near Jonchery, his unit was locked in a tough fight with German forces. As mustard gas and bombs raked the battlefield, Collins volunteered to get a message through to his commander, Maj. William J. "Wild Bill" Donovan.

"Although badly gassed and at one time knocked down by the concussion of high explosive shells, Collins rescued two wounded comrades, carrying each in turn through the heavy bombardment," says the citation to be read tonight by Army Gen. Volney F. Warner, Florida's highest ranking military officer.

"Collins ... refused all medical aid until he delivered his message," it said.

One of the men Collins carried to safety was Sgt. Joyce Kilmer. But the poet, best known for "Trees," was severely wounded in an attack on a German machine-gun nest. The former New York Times reporter died of his wounds.

"It was an inferno," Collins recalled in a recent interview. "I passed through one town and buildings were exploding on every block. A Frenchman with his legs blown off crawled from the wreckage of one building and begged me to help him. I had time only to drag him off to the side."

Collins' delivery of the message was credited with helping his unit hang together. Donovan recommended the young soldier for the Distinguished Service Cross.

But as the war raged on, any trace of such a recommendation disappeared. Collins returned to a career as a financier on Wall Street and in 1945 was awarded the Silver Star — one step below the Distinguished Service Cross.

He persisted, sending hundreds of letters and badgering the Army Board for Correction of Military Records. Finally last year, Collins located former fellow sniper Ed Stubbs, who witnessed the 1918 heroism.

Last September, the Army board agreed to upgrade Collins' Silver Star to the Distinguished Service Cross.



Retired World War I veteran Col. Walter Collins, 81, grins broadly after being awarded Distinguished Service Cross at Pompano Beach, Fla. He shares his joy with Janice Warner, wife of Gen. Volney F. Warner, who presented the cross to Collins. The medal was awarded for delivering a message to his commander through dangerous terrain. (AP Laserphoto)

THE NAKED TRUTH

One thing about WALT and Patricia EGDORF, (21st 1/43 - 12/45), of 1339 Prairie, Beloit, Wis., they give you the naked truth. They made it to Nova Scotia in Oct. Hurried back because of the snow. Years ago, Walt complained because he had 3 married daughters and no grandchildren. Came his now-famous line, "No grandchildren, but then, who wants to tell every body you are sleeping with grandma. Now 4 years later, Walt updates his report with:

"Everything is going great for Pat and I. Our one and only grandchild Tom is now 3 1/2 years old and the apple of both of our eyes. After having had three girls, it seems quite nice to have another male around. By the way, sleeping with Grandma isn't half bad. In fact it's just great."

And we're all tickled pink about that, Walt. Thanks for keeping us posted.

Best thing to happen so far into 1980: Chrysler has, at long last, pulled the stop on Joe Garagiola; he no longer is yelling at us with his offer of a \$300 check if we'll only..... Quiet, isn't it?

The trouble with growing old is that the future ain't what it used to be.

KEN HOLTZCLAW, (724 Ord) of 438 Myrtlewood, Calimesa, Calif., is trying to locate Col. MANLOVE, ELLSWORTH MILLS, IVAN CACTUS and others remembering him. Sorry to report, Ken, that "Whitey" Manlove has gone to his reward. Ellsworth Mills hangs his hat at RFD 2, Perry, Iowa. We have no reading on Ivan Cactus, but the cat's out of the bag; Ken is looking for him. Any ideas, gang?

JERRY VON MOHR, (AT 19 2/45-5/45), of 3846 Villanova, Kettering, Ohio, takes us up short. We reported him as having retired "from the VA"; it was "the Air Force" says Jerry to whom we offer apologies. Jerry wasn't too mad; he sent along a check for \$25 to "defray a few expenses".

Then he also sent a news clipping which we reproduce in full. Trouble is, the article doesn't tell where to contact Robert Dumas if you had anything to tell him. At any rate, we publish it just as we received it from Jerry. Thanks Jerry.



Latest multi-media threat: "Tokyo Rose," radio star of World War II, now seeking to make her fortune in the book biz. Iva Toguri D'Aquino, age 62 - was a Japanese-American UCLA graduate stranded in Tokyo when the war started, and forced to broadcast propaganda in English to U.S. soldiers. Convicted of treason in 1949, she spent six years in jail, had her citizenship revoked, and was finally pardoned by President Ford in 1977. But Iva, now a gift-shop owner in Chicago, is still plenty bitter over those years of non-citizenship, and what many people deem the unfairness of her prosecution (she was the only one of many "Roses" tried). So for the past few months, Iva's been dictating her memoirs into a tape recorder for Chicato TV anchorman Bill Kurtis, whose authorized "Rose" bio will soon be shown to publishers by super-agent Bill Adler. Iva will describe her years of "living hell" in Japan, and maintain that her seductive broadcasts never really hurt the Allied cause.

ROY FROST, (B 34 from 1/42-10/44), retiring from Kansas Petroleum Industries Committee. Is moving to Bella Vista, Ark., and says, "I'll help BILL BYRD swing Hot Springs, Ark. in '81 if that's what the gang votes for." We're getting interested in Hot Springs ourselves, Roy; it seems to be the ONLY site anyone is trying to "sell" as of presstime, all thanks to BILL BYRD.

Brother continues hunt for soldier presumed dead

WASHINGTON (AP) — Robert R. Dumas promised his mother on her deathbed he would never give up the search for his brother, a hazel-eyed, teen-age soldier who vanished in North Korea almost 30 years ago.

Despite red tape and years of bureaucratic buck-passing, Robert Dumas has kept that promise.

He still refuses to believe what the Army tells him — that Pfc. Roger A. Dumas has been dead for more than a quarter-century. "I've always believed my brother, Roger, is still alive, but even if he's dead, I want to know when, where and how it happened. Then I could accept it," said Robert Dumas.

Roger was six months shy of his 18th birthday when he asked his mother to sign for him so he could join the Army. The Korean War had not yet started.

After the war began, Roger was assigned to the 24th Division and became a machine-gunner near the Manchurian border. On Nov. 3, 1950, Roger wrote his family that he had just crossed a river and was camped in an apple orchard.

It was the last time Roger's family heard from him.

The next day, the 24th Division was trapped by Chinese troops north of Sine-Anju. Pfc. Roger A. Dumas was reported missing in action.

For nearly three years there was no further word.

Then, on Sept. 23, 1953, the Dumas family received a telegram saying there was reason to believe Roger Dumas was a prisoner at one time, but that he could no longer be accounted for.

Finally, the government declared on Feb. 26, 1954, that Roger Dumas and the other 388 Americans were "presumed dead."

But Roger's family would not accept the idea.

In 1959, as Mrs. Dumas was dying, she asked Robert to grant her last request.

Robert R. Dumas, true to his word, continues to press for details of his brother's disappearance through Army prisoner-of-war reports and with help of those who were with Roger in Korea.

Picky! Picky! Picky! BOB SILVERS (Div. JAG officer) of 243 S. Rockingham, L.A., Cal., caught our error in the Trechter obit in our last issue. That's where we said Div. Hq. was in Okayama in Feb. '45 - should have read Feb. '46. Writes Bob: "I'll be one of the wise guys to comment howin' hell could Division Headquarters be at Okayama in Feb. '45. I really think the Japanese would have seriously objected and had I wound up there at that time I have a feeling that I wouldn't be here now. Anyway, there was no way that ED HENRY would allow any of us in the JAG office to 'pre' invade Japan 'cause maybe he would have had to join us in the fight and our office was certainly more in the 'Great lover' than 'Great fighter' category."

"Back to your writeup and what was interesting were the comments about Colonel Thomas D. Drake. Could you fill me in on the details because I, too, had a serious run-in with him (even though I was a lowly court reporter sgt) several times on behalf of G.I. rights and he was very, very difficult. I was young and naive enough to think that right was might and he did his best to disuade me of that notion. That was in early '46. Obviously he did his best to rile a lot of other people and I gotta ask what the ugly scenario was that was played out."

"Yes, I am curious and could you be specific about the difficulties surrounding Col. Drake. Being an enlisted man I'm certain I was not privy to information available to officers. And certainly W/O Henry was never one to betray a confidence and at that time, during the occupation, information about an officer could have been considered that."

"Do my dues and curiosity entitle me to more information?"

We answered Bob, of course - but by way of a private letter. It didn't seem prudent to rehash the whole story in the Taro Leaf. Suppose we save it for the History? For now, let us remind you of but one story - the one about Talomo Beach when T.D.D. ordered each of us to make a necktie out of a shirttail so we'd look "proper" when we went to Japan. Will you ever forget it?

Budnick had a fight with his wife and went to the Turkish baths to steam out. Later in the evening he decided to phone home and maybe apologize. So he called her up.

"Hello, sweetie," he said. "What are you makin' for dinner?"

"What I'm makin', you bum? Poison, that's what I'm makin. Poison!"

"Well, in that case, make only enough for one! I'm not comin' home."

Nice folksy little note from VINCENT J. LAROCCO, (Hq. 1st Bn 21st '43-'46), of 208 N. Beech, N. Massapequa, N.Y. Jim (he goes by Jim by the way and not Vinnie) writes:

"Enclosed is a check for my dues and a little to boot. Always enjoy getting my Taro Leaf. It's good to keep in touch with the past. I've been corresponding with buddies from the 24th for 34 years. Some of the guys I keep in touch with have their names in the Taro Leaf. Enclosed is a newsletter I've been editing for the fire department for 15 years. It's getting bigger. I'll be retiring in a couple of years. I was a grandpa about 6 years ago. All my 4 children are married or keeping company. I've only been to one reunion. The rest were too far to travel. Sure hope they have one on Long Island."

Jim sent us a copy of his fire department paper. It's terrific, Jim, just terrific.

Too we got a bit of a wry smile over that business of his kids being "married or keeping company".



"Looking him straight in the eye, I said 'Captain Frimston, you're absolutely wrong — I'll bet my stripes on it.'"

TOM and Barb MURPHY, (D 19th '47-'48), of 3041 Gertrude, LaCrescenta, Cal., made "Taro Leaf" the drawee on their recent check for dues. We don't care, kids; we put it through. Thanks.

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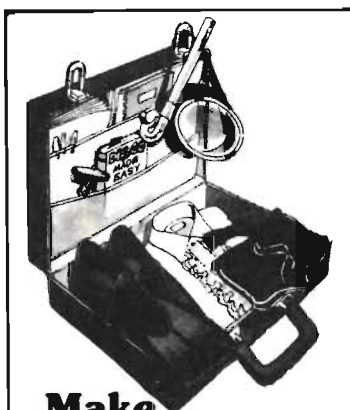


True blue, that's what they are. It's HAROLD and Lorraine FRITZ, (B 34th '40-'45), of 382 Chestnut, Kearny, N.J., showing off an afghan, the result of hundreds of hours of effort on the part of Lorraine. Credit Lorraine with the idea. The battle credits were supplied by Hal - nice going, Hal - big deal. It's a wool knit measuring better than 6 x 4. They're bringing it to Pittsburgh for a disposition as we see fit, with proceeds, if any, to go toward the History and "in memory of the men of B of the 34th. Great folks, yes?



ANDY BOGGIA, (D 34th 3/41-6/45) of 141 Erlanger, North Babylon, N.Y., sends in \$100 for a Life Membership. Bogey as he was known to the gang sends us this one of "himself" (on the right) taken at Schofield in '41. Who's that on first, Bogey?

"The man who has begun to live more seriously within begins to live more seriously without."
(Phillippe Brooks)



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WALTON L. JOHNSTON of the U.S. Army Commissary at Fort Stewart receives a certificate in recognition of his 51 years in federal service from Maj.Gen. JAMES F. COCHRAN III, the Division Commander. Pinning on the Length of Service pin is Walt's son, Wendell. The awards were presented recently during ceremonies held at Fort Stewart. Walt began working for the government in 1928, when he entered the Army. Johnston is no stranger to the Division, having served with us in World War II.

He and his wife, Rosa, live on Oglethorpe Highway in Hinesville. We say this: Anyone who has served in the commissary for 51 years deserves a certificate and then some. (U.S. Army photo by SP4 Geana Woods).

Big article in a recent issue of Army Times under the title, "When GI Joe Can't Read". The thrust: that the Army has a lot of men who are unable to read the daily newspaper, much less the army manuals. Worse: that if these men are required to act in an emergency and use printed material, they may be a hazard.

How many are there? Says the article:

"There are tens of thousands of servicemembers like them, invisibly bonded by a common handicap - the difficulty they have recognizing, pronouncing and understanding the English language in print. They survive in the military, as they did in civilian society, because reading is not a requirement for survival. Nor is it, in many cases, a requirement for jobs.

"How effective will the military's poor readers be on the job? Will their handicap burden others? Behind the disheartening personal portraits of poor readers lie some cold statistics and disturbing trends about illiteracy and its impact upon the armed forces.

"An 'illiterate' used to mean a person who couldn't read and write his or her name. But the meaning has changed and so has the concept. Today, educators speak of 'functional illiterates' in describing adults who can barely read, write or do simple arithmetic.

"Illiteracy, essentially a social problem, has become a serious, costly and controversial manpower problem for the military.

"It is controversial, since it fundamentally questions the quality of the all-volunteer force at a time when a return to the draft increasingly is being advocated. And it is serious and costly because the services no longer can afford to downplay or ignore it.

"Weapons systems are more sophisticated, manuals to explain their operation and maintenance are more technical, and work duties are more specialized. At the same time, the services are facing stiffer competition in recruiting better qualified enlistees to do these jobs.

"Although the services have proportionately more high school graduates within their ranks than ever before, they are finding it harder and harder to attract recruits who can read and understand simple training materials written at grade school levels.

"According to Department of Defense statistics, about one in 20 of all recruits - or about 19,000 a year - are functionally illiterate, meaning they read below the 5.5 grade level, the standard used by the United Nations in measuring illiteracy worldwide.

"Even more recruits and enlisted members - as many as one in three - are estimated to read at less than junior high school levels, a deficiency which



means they will have trouble reading and understanding most military job, training and field manuals.

"Ironically, many of the services' poor readers graduated from high school. In 1977, for instance, the General Accounting Office reported that as many as 60 percent of recruits identified for remedial reading instruction were high school graduates.

"As part of overall job training, the services currently are spending more than \$16 million a year to teach recruits and other enlisted members reading, writing and math - up to fifth to ninth grade levels.

"Technical, training and field manuals are being rewritten - down to as low as seventh grade level. More graphs, charts, pictures and illustrations are used, and in some cases the books resemble comic books. In one Armor manual, for example, a caveman hunting a dinosaur shows soldiers how to capture a tank. (Service officials say the publications are being rewritten to make them clearer and more interesting to all soldiers, not just for poor readers).

"Training methods also have been modified. Today, theory and general job background are downplayed; repetitive practice sessions are stressed. There are fewer lectures, and more slide shows, movies and demonstrations.

"In the Army, for example, job training is broken down into a series of simple tasks. Soldiers practice each one individually until it is learned. Then they are tested on their ability to perform each task, rather than their overall knowledge of the job.

Sickening isn't it? This country spends 75 billion per year on education. And some of the products can't read or write.

Albert Gallant

Not for long did we wrestle with the question, "Should Albert Gallant be eulogized in these pages?". That he never wore the Taro Leaf gave us no problem.

Nonetheless, the case of Al Gallant was otherwise singular. Over the years, at our myriad gatherings, be they major conventions or minor get-togethers, the beach parties or funerals or weddings or graduations or bar mitzvahs or ordinations or whatever other excuse even a handful of us could and would invent as reason for coming together, Al was frequently among those present. He was truly accepted as one of us - by some beautiful magic - because he was the husband of a wife who was the sister of one of us possibly a little strained, but what the heck!!! In any event, justification indeed for these words today. Al was, in a very unique and warm sense, one of us - and thoroughly enjoyed his place in our sphere of things. He will be sorely missed by we of this Association.

* * * * *

The night of his waking remains fresh in mind. It was a tremendous outpouring of affection - one of the largest in our memory, and we've seen a few. Yes, we were there. He had travelled the distance a few years earlier to be by our side in an hour of grief. We could do no less now - to honor him, to be with those he loved best.

Friends and family moved through the funeral home in a flurry of comings and goings, a circling mass closing in as instinctively as does a herd in the field to surround a stricken member. It is a time to be together, to acknowledge the inevitable, to offer comfort, to deal somehow with the finality.

The rooms were filled to overflowing - with kin, friends, fellow workers, fellow parishioners in the church he loved, and yes, Taro Leafers - all speaking well for the depth and breadth of the affections these people had for Al.

And standing tall, in the very center of it all, was Rita, looking simply lovely in her grief, with good Geoffrey, now in his new role of man-of-the-family, by her side, along with beautiful daughters Catherine, Jane and Elizabeth, making one inordinately proud that each member of this precious family was his friend.

Al's friends were there, their energy flow almost a physical support, as they conversed in practicalities and questions, hoping to tie each other to the here-and-now, lest one, somehow, go too far into grief. They were just helping each other.

Some were with thinning hair, and thinning muscle mass. Whitehaired, spare-framed, stooped, straight, frail, hardy, they were composed in their handshakes and kisses, plain in their words, comfortingly simple in their expressions of sympathy. Some spoke not at all. Just a hand on the arm. An arm around a shoulder. Every little movement had its meaning.



Having shared, been part of, and been on the periphery of so many griefs, so many heartaches and tragedies, their network of emotional involvement as a group was woven in a score of layers, some encompassing long time associations, closely-knit at times, more tenuously attached at other times - all in some way, somehow, connected to that good man, Al Gallant, now departed from this vale of tears.

There was no casting about for effusive reassurances or bolstering utterances. These folks had shared good and bad times, had fussed and reconciled, rejoiced and despaired, comforted and been comforted. And now they were here, in the solidness of their kinship, their friendship, their respect for Al. What a display of love and affection.

No fear of being misunderstood when each asked a friend, "Sad isn't it? And how are you?" It all meant not, "How are you taking this?" That each knew. Nor, "How do you feel?" That each knew too. Each was asking, "Are you going to be all right?" Each was hunting for the assurance that the other had the strength to get through this hour of loss.

Silences were not upsetting - words were not needed. Platitudes were not to be feared, clinches not to be shunned. Yes, life was different than one might have expected, but yes, much was good. True, things in general, and some in particular, do not always turn out well - or happily. Who would have thought life would hold so many strange illnesses, so many mysteries, so many ironies? A hard world to understand - and why try?

Dear friends, with tendrils of memories twined around 15-25-35 years of offices, dinners, graduations, weddings, vacations, picnics, clambakes, homes and hospitals. Celebrants at the birth of so many dreams, and mourners at dreams that died aborning; nurturers at the growth of new hopes, comforters in the wake of failed undertakings, healers of hurts, bearers of love.

A dear one is now beyond all ministrations, all tears.

And life is for the living. Friends indulge in no "I should have's" or "If I had it to do over", recognizing what an untidy arrangement of endings and beginnings, mishaps and misunderstandings, tangents and turnabouts, life is; and how highly resistant to shaping and master plans.

It was a time to say "Farewell".

Blessed are they who came to help.

It was, in sum, a beautiful and heartwarming tribute to this wonderful man, Albert Gallant.

MAJOR GENERAL

HARRY L. JONES

There is a natural present impulse to dwell on the many accomplishments of HARRY JONES, by listing a catalogue of past events as though there were some way to quantify what he was all about.

Suffice to say that Harry Jones rose from a 24th Division Second Lieutenant to become Division's Finance Officer as a Major, before turning to greener pastures in a walk up the ladder of success to become the Finance Officer of the U.S. Army.

Even though this is a sad moment and we feel a personal loss, we choose to remind ourselves of the character of this man. He was of a type who would, first and last, celebrate life and the future, rather than mourn the past and death.

The news of Harry's passing came to us via ROBERT DANIELS and WALTER CUNNINGHAM, with both of whom Harry and we served, a fact which in itself gave us cause to think back over his life and its meaning.

He had all of the sparkling qualities: boundless good humor, endless optimism and hope, and a spirit filled with compassion and concern. He understood that joy is essential. He even was careful to justify it on the ground that ours is the only nation on earth to declare, officially, the pursuit of happiness as a national goal.

Even as we mourn his death, we celebrate because that would be what he would have wished us to do. We celebrate simply because such a man as Harry Jones was among us. The joy of his memory will last far longer than the pain and sorry of his leaving.

How many times have we lived through Cunningham's telling of his favorite Harry Jones story?

It was Christmas eve in hot, hot Australia - the '43 Christmas of course. By some mysterious midnight requisitioning, most of the ingredients for a single round of Tom & Jerry's had been assembled by a Division Headquarters group which included Jones, Cunningham, and three or four others, including one particularly obnoxious chap who shall remain nameless.

The concoction was properly mixed and cautiously portioned out to those present. Just as they were about to raise their glasses on high in a toast to Christmas, Mr. Obnoxious vowed as how a Tom & Jerry was just not a Tom & Jerry without that extra added touch, that sprinkle of nutmeg. Conversation stalled momentarily as Harry, saying nary a word, stepped forward, reached for Mr. O's aluminum cup, relieved him of same, and quietly walked away through the tent's door. Once outside, he reached down to the ground, scooped up by hand a small bit of Aussie sand, and sprinkled a few specks on the top of the drink. Stepping back into the tent, Harry walked briskly toward the detested one. Still without words, Harry returned to him his bit of the seasonal grape. Mr. O's chest swelled; he brought the brew to his lips, supped, and then ah'd: "Best Tom & Jerry I've ever tasted." Score #921 for Harry.

That a sense of humor is the lubricant of life's machinery, Harry Jones understood full well. He knew it to be a tonic for mind and body, especially for minds and bodies snarled up in an atmosphere of war, in Hawaii, Australia, Goodenough, New Guinea, the Philippines, Japan. "The best antidote for anxiety and depression," he would say. It is a business asset, certainly so when the business is war. It lightens human burdens. Harry's humor did precisely that.

Harry Jones taught us that fun can be the direct route to a degree of serenity and contentment, even, or especially, in wartime.

Forgive us this sole concentration on the fun in Harry. We wrote this only after counseling with those we felt knew Harry best. We were unanimous in the sentiment that Harry would have wanted these words to come out this way.

Good humor is the health of the soul; sadness is its poison. So believed Harry Jones.

You brightened our lives, Harry. Thank you.

JACK and Mary FINAN report to us with feeling the death, on Feb. 4th, of Captain GERALD H. HINMAN, USA Ret. They wrote:

"This great Chick served in Schofield Barracks from April 1934 to December 1942. First assignment in Co. "K" and later in Co. "C". From Private to First Sergeant to 2nd Lieutenant. A native of Galesburg, Ill. Army retirement on 30 November 1954.

"Two days before he passed away, Jerry sent us copies of the 1980 Major League Spring Training Schedule - Grapefruit League. Last March on our baseball tour of Florida, we spent an hour with Jerry and Mildred at their home. Zipper (nickname) picked bags of oranges from their trees and we had delicious orange juice during our trip and all the way into Tar Heel Land.

Jerry was Supply Sergeant of Co. K in 1939. Second Lt. JESSE MECHEM was Ex-Officer and KENNETH P. SLAGLE was Top Kick.

Some of you old-timers may be interested in the names of the 1939 Co. Commanders as follows:

Co. A - Capt. Lundquist	Co. L - Capt. Hawkins	Co. H - 2nd Lt. Wood
Co. B - Capt. Graves	Hq.Co.- Capt. Eddleman	Co. K - Capt. Horner
Co. C - Capt. Van Bibber	Co. E - Capt. Bolduc	Co. M - 1st Lt. Royall
Co. D - Capt. Johnson	Co. F - Capt. Newman	Service Co. - Capt. Nelson
Co. I - Capt. Ivins	Co. G - Capt. MacLaughlin	

We hope that Jerry is with IRVIN & Evelyn BISNOFF, WOODY CHANDLER, JOHN FIRTKO, and JOHN CHRISTOPHER in the "Rock of Chickamauga" Heaven. I will always remember him by the following:

"The Loveliest Fleet of Islands That Lies Anchored in Any Ocean"

"No . . . land in all the world has any deep, strong charm for me but that one; no other land could so longingly and beseechingly haunt me sleeping and waking, through half a life-time, as that one has done. Other things leave me but it avides; other things change but it remains the same. For me, its balmy airs are always blowing, its summer seas flashing in the sun; the pulsing of its surf-beat is in my ear; I can see the shore; its remote summits floating like islands above the cloud rack; I can feel the spirit of its woodland solitudes; I can hear the plash of its brooks; in my nostrils still lives the breath of flowers that perished twenty years ago."

by Mark Twain

"Jerry and Mildred were married in Honolulu. During our Florida baseball trip next month we will extend our personal sympathy to Mildred. She's at 1603 Mass.Av., St.Cloud, FL 32769. She lost a fine husband and a note/card to her will do much to help her morale. Jerry was a great Taro Leaf Trooper. God Bless Him and Mildred. ALOHA."

Sadly, we report the death of Tula, wife of SPERO W. CALOS, (E 21st '50-'51), of 1151 Andover, Charlotte, N.C. Tula passed away on Feb. 25th after a several months battle with Cancer. In Spero's words, "Tula fought hard, long and strong, but now she walks with God." In your name, we made a contribution to the Charlotte office of the American Cancer Society. It was Spero's wish. We remember Tula well from Norfolk '77 and Lexington '79.



MEET PITTSBURGH